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TZEITEL, MOTEL & TEVYE

TZEITEL: Motel, Yente was here!

MOTEL: I know I saw her.

TZEITEL: If they agree on someone, then it will be too late for us. Ask my father for my hand tonight. Now!

MOTEL: Why should he consider me now? I'm only a poor tailor.

TZEITEL: And I am the daughter of a poor milkman. Just talk to him.

MOTEL: He'll yell at me.

TZEITEL: Motel! Even a poor tailor is entitled to some happiness.

MOTEL: (*Summoning courage*) All right, I'll talk to him.

TEVYE: (*ENTERING*) Come in, children, we're lighting the candles.

MOTEL: Reb Tevye.

TEVYE: It's late! Where is everybody?

MOTEL: Reb Tevye?

TEVYE: (*Irritated*) What is it, Motel? What? MOTEL: (*Taken aback*) Good Sabbath, Reb Tevye. (*is he giving up?*)

TEVYE: Good Sabbath, Motel. (*Tzeitel prompts Motel to be strong*)

MOTEL: Reb Tevye...

TEVYE: Not now, Motel. I have problems.

MOTEL: That's what I want to speak to you about. I think I can help.

TEVYE: You?

MOTEL: I have a match for Tzeitel. This match was made exactly to measure. A perfect fit.

TEVYE: Stop talking like a tailor and tell me who it is.

MOTEL: It's me - myself.

TEVYE: You must be crazy! (*Stares at him, then to AUDIENCE, startled and amused*) He must be crazy. (*To MOTEL*) Arranging a match for yourself. What are you, everything? You'll even perform the ceremony?

MOTEL: Tzeitel and I gave each other our pledge more than a year ago that we would marry.

TEVYE: (*Stunned*) You gave each other a pledge? Doesn't anyone have to ask a father any more?

TZEITEL: Yes, Papa, we gave each other our pledge.